



*Last Gasp*

**CRIME!**

# EDMMIES FROM MARS

*- The Red Planet - Issue number 5 Adult readers only! \$2.50*



# MARS OIL

YOU PUT ANY OF THAT  
"MARS LUBE" CRAP IN MY  
CRANKCASE AND YOU'VE  
DONE YOUR LAST VALVE JOB  
ON THE RED PLANET!

NOW POUR ME SOME  
REFINED AMERICAN  
AND HAUL A LITTLE  
ASS, SQUID-HEAD!

BE PREPARED TO SHOW  
YOUR FUEL PURCHASE  
AUTHORIZATION PAPERS.  
NO FUEL OR LUBRICANTS  
WILL BE SOLD TO THE  
FOLLOWING ENEMIES  
OF THE STATE

UNDER THE MARTIAN CONQUERING HEEL  
AN ANGRY POPULACE TURNS TO

# CRIME!

(AND A LOT  
OF OTHER  
WEIRD  
STUFF!)

COMMIES FROM MARS - THE RED PLANET - #5 IS ©1986 BY  
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# Shkel and Shark in The Crime of the Century

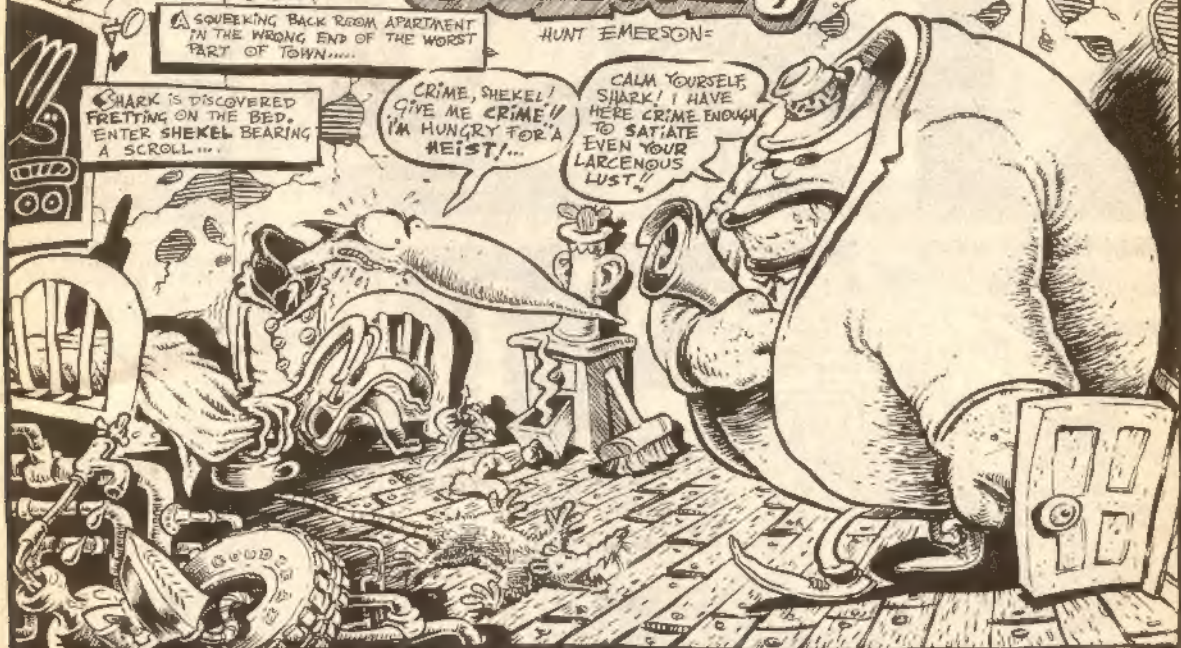
A SQUEAKING BACK ROOM APARTMENT  
IN THE WRONG END OF THE WORST  
PART OF TOWN....

HUNT EMERSON=

SHARK IS DISCOVERED  
FRETTING ON THE BED.  
ENTER SHELK BEARING  
A SCROLL....

CRIME, SHELK!  
GIVE ME CRIME!!  
I'M HUNGRY FOR A  
HEIST!!...

CALM YOURSELF  
SHARK! I HAVE  
HERE CRIME ENOUGH  
TO SATIATE  
EVEN YOUR  
LARCENOUS  
LUST!



SEE, SNIFFLING ACCOMPLICE!  
A DIAGRAM OF A PLAN OF THE  
PLANS FOR THE CRIME  
OF THE CENTURY!!

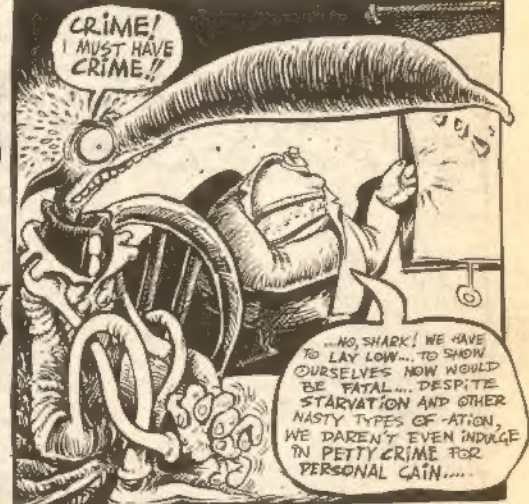
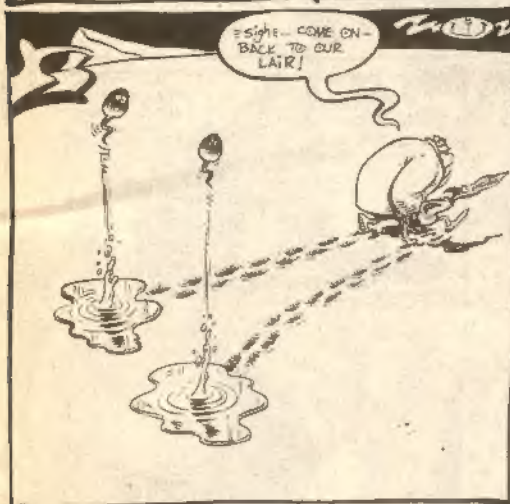
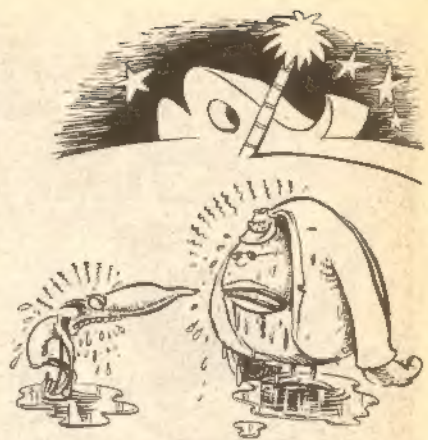
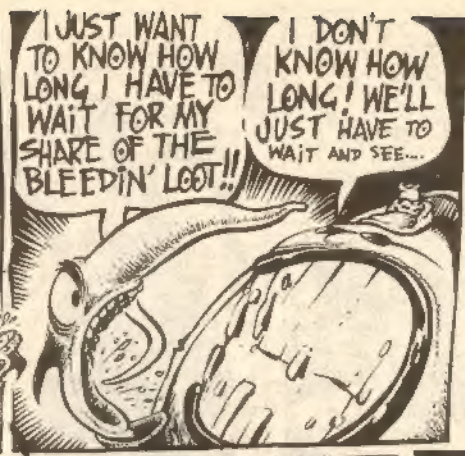
VILLAINY!!  
Heh heh heh...

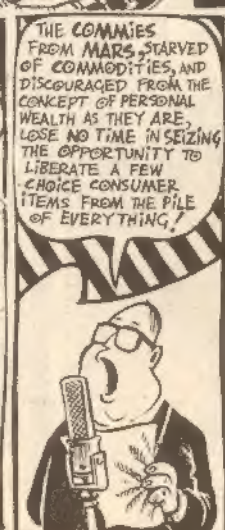
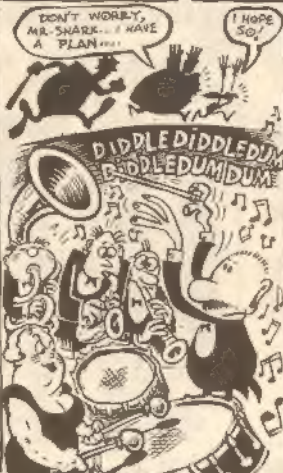
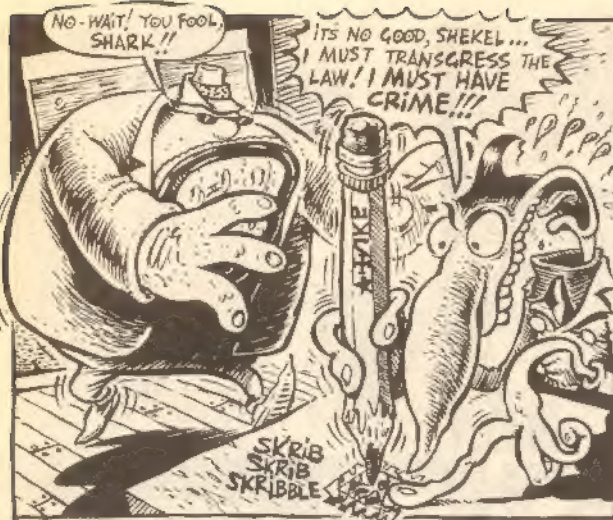
YES, MY DEAR SIR, VILLAINY  
OF A ROYAL PROPORTION!  
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY,  
SHARK, TO BEING  
INVOLVED IN  
THE THEFT OF...

...EVERYTHING!!











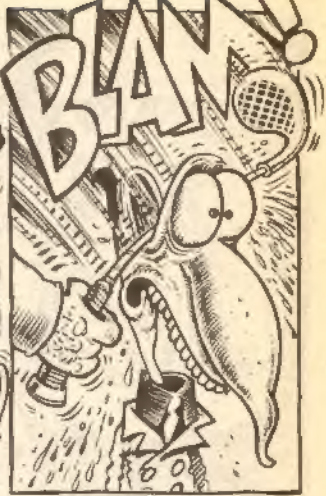
THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY! GONE!! JUST LIKE THAT!



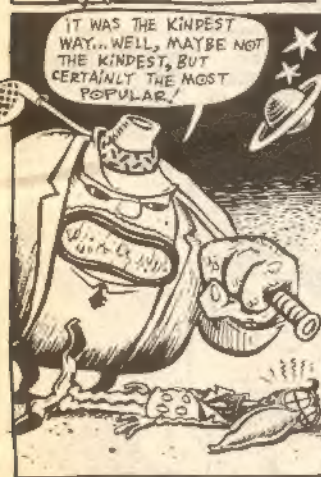
GONE! GONE! THE LOOT! THE SWAG! THE BOOTY!!



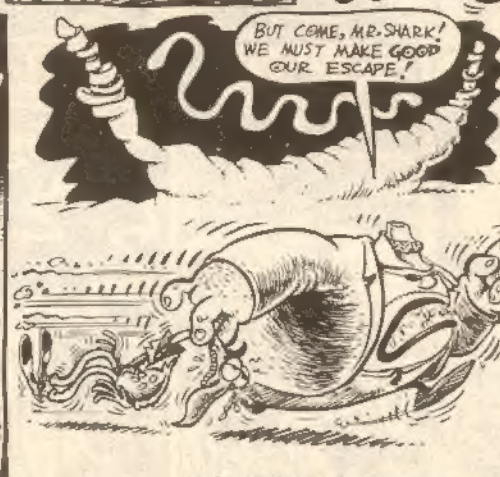
GONE!! AAAAGGGHH!! GAG...GAGGLE.



BLAM!



IT WAS THE KINDEST WAY... WELL, MAYBE NOT THE KINDEST, BUT CERTAINLY THE MOST POPULAR!



BUT COME, MR. SHARK! WE MUST MAKE GOOD OUR ESCAPE!



LATER...

WELL, SHARK, THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY... THE THEFT OF EVERYTHING... WAS ONLY A PARTIAL SUCCESS...

Oh... how do I get myself mixed up in these things? Why am I slave to this compulsion?



BUT NOW - HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE ACCOMPLICE TO THE CRIME OF THE MILLENNIUM....

...this Addiction to crime? Sniffles... in such a wretch...

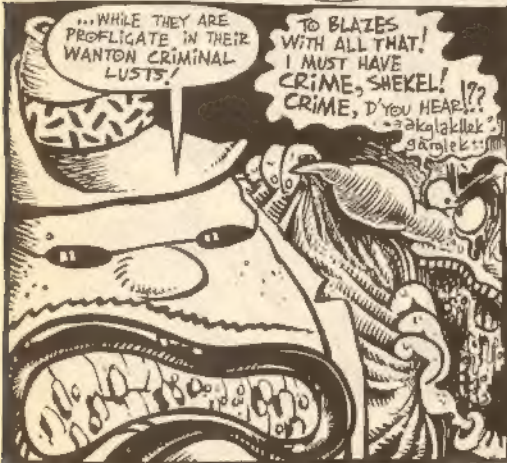


...THE THEFT OF EVERYTHING ELSE!!!



WHAT RASCALITY! WHAT SCALLYWAGGERY!! WHAT ILLEGALITY, EH?

CAN'T I JUST STICK TO DEFACING POSTAGE STAMPS AND NICKING ASHTRAYS?



# EXCERPTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF BILLY "RAGE" RILEY



WE HAVE CAPTURED BILLY "RAGE" RILEY A WOULD-BE RESISTANCE FIGHTER. THE MAN IS AN ANIMAL, A MAD DOG THAT HAS TO BE PUT DOWN. DID HIS EFFORTS BENEFIT THE PEOPLE OF EARTH? NOOOOOO! A MERE NUISANCE TO THE SUPERIOR FORCES OF MARS. HIS WORDS MATCH HIS ACTIONS FOR INSANITY!

WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE

\$5000 REWARD

BOOTH NUMBER 537869

BILLY "RAGE" RILEY  
TERRORIST, COUNTER REVOLUTIONARY  
ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE

WITNESS THE LOONY SCRIBBLINGS EXERPTED FROM HIS "JOURNAL" HIS REFERENCES TO A COMIC BOOK NAMED AFTER US ARE MOST STRANGE!

YOU SHOULD THANK US FOR BAGGING THIS NUT CASE!!

My policy is to keep an eye out for troublemakers and rabble-rousers of all sorts and, especially, for commies from Mars.

If you are in a real bad corner, my feeling is you can load at least twice as fast simply by rolling up a copy of Boxell's *Commies From Mars* lengthwise and funneling the shells into the chamber that way. It gives you the capability of almost continuous firepower and will increase your kill-ratio very significantly.

THE FALL OF...

# Crazy "Worm"

By: C. Draper

As told by...



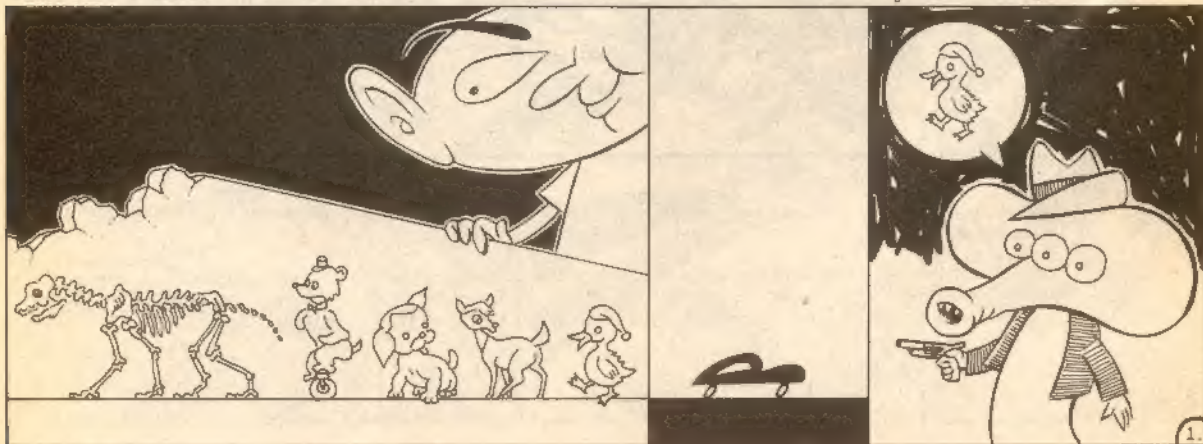
*Sure, I was Crazy "Worm" Kluger's dinner for a while. His dish was a beauty named Marge.*

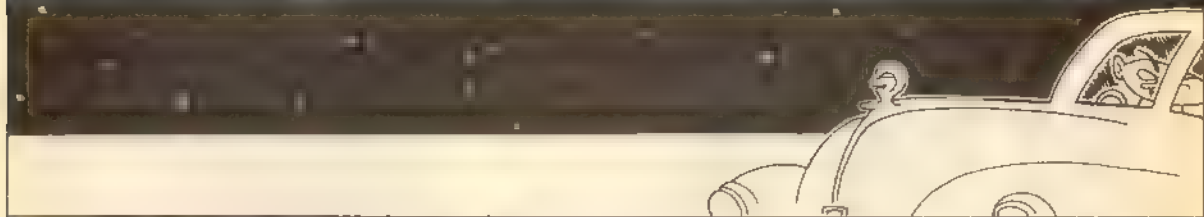


*The D.A. kept close tabs on us as we squealed on rival gangs and muscled in on the laboratory*



*test animal concession on the East Side. There was also plenty of money to be*

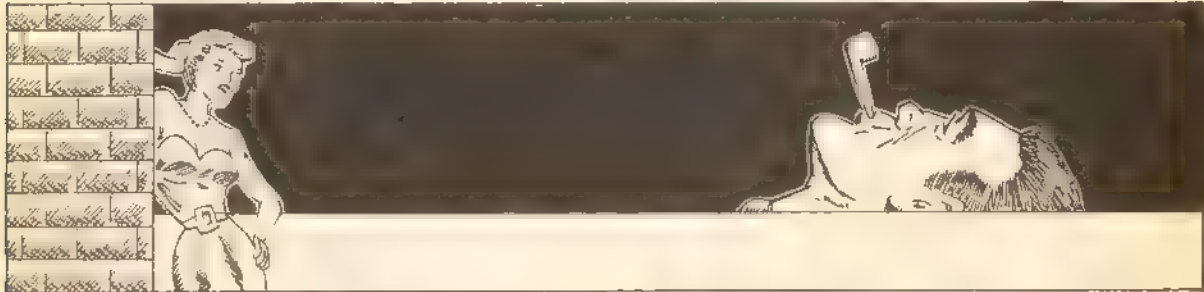




made in the bootleg designer limb industry. Everyone was wearing them



back in those days. & simply adored sporting a Gucci peg leg occasionally,

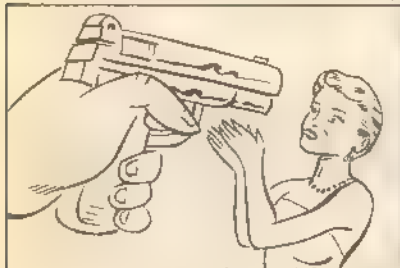


while Marge preferred the alien matching head and torso set. "Worm" was

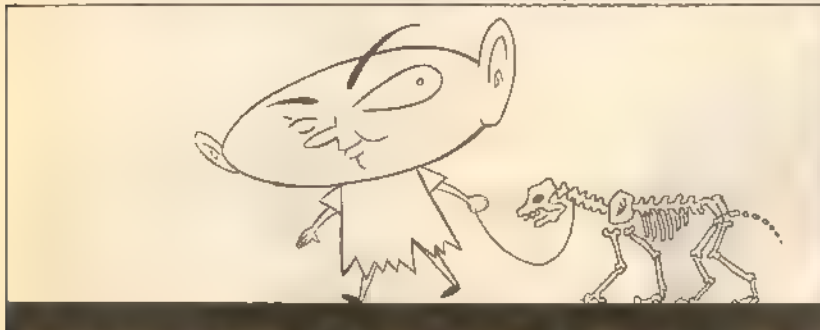




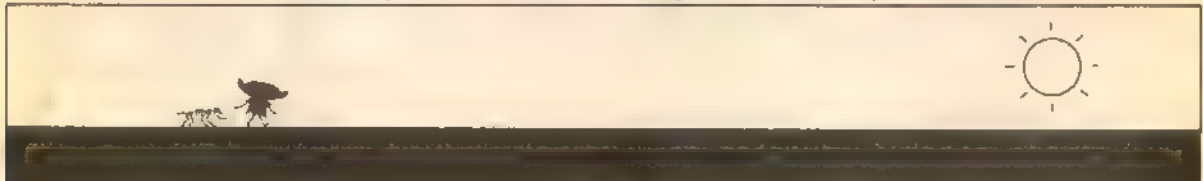
concerned about the D.A.'s growing interest until he learned that they were related;



were, in fact, second cousins. He dumped Marge, married the D.A., and I drifted



around for a while. I enjoyed walking the dog and watching the sun set.....



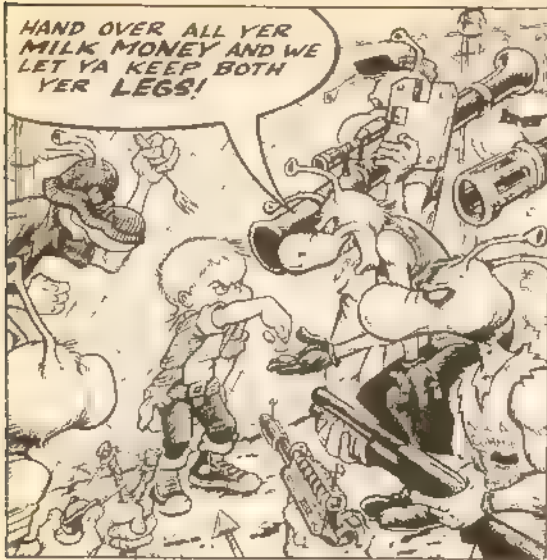
# COMMIE CRIME SPREE

WORDS N' PICTURES  
by  
SHAWN KERRI  
© 1986

AT THE END OF OUR LAST EPISODE, IT HAD JUST BECOME APPARENT TO THE RAMBUNCTIOUS PARTY ANIMALS OF THE MARTIAN INVASION FORCE, THAT THE MILITARY ELITE HAD ABANDONED EARTH... WITHOUT THEM!



SINCE THE ONCE IDEALISTIC COMMIES WERE COMPLETE NOVICES, THEIR FIRST ATTEMPTS AT CRIME WERE SOMEWHAT PETTY...



BUT BY STUDYING PROFESSIONAL EARTH CRIMINALS ON THE STREETS, AND AT INNER-CITY SCHOOLS, THEY SOON GOT THE HANG OF IT!



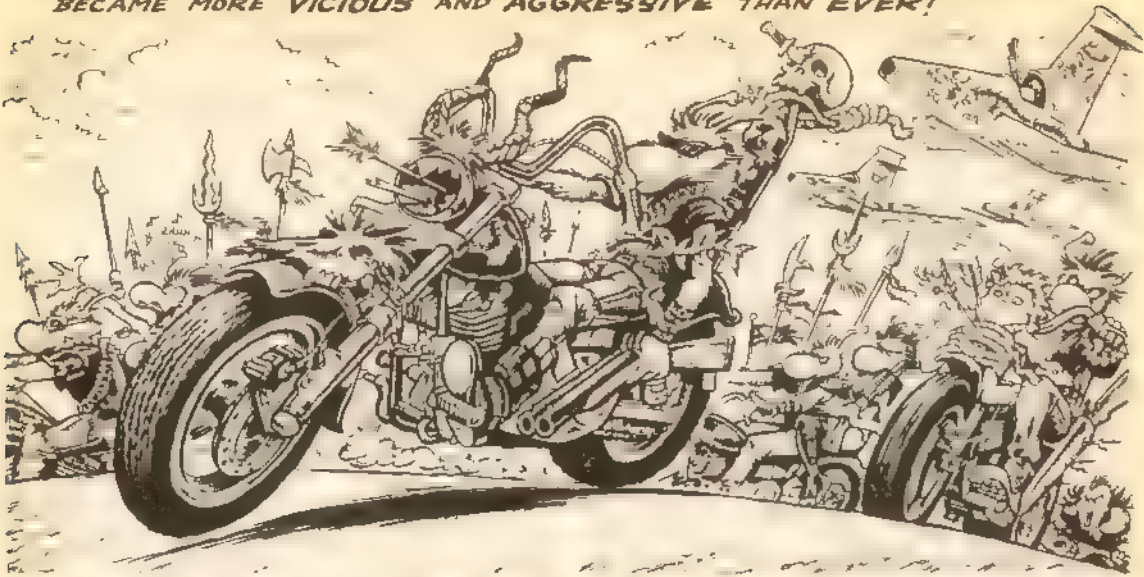


HERE'S FORTY DOLLARS... JUST GET IT AWAY FROM ME!

DIS GONNA BE EASIER DEN WE TOT!

WAVE SUEZ!

**THOSE WHO DID POSSESS THE PROPER VICIOUS STREAK OF AGGRESSION  
BECAME MORE VICIOUS AND AGGRESSIVE THAN EVER!**



**BUT THIS ONLY SERVED TO ARROUSE THE BLOODLUST OF THE NEWLY REGROUPED  
L.A.P.D., WHO, AFTER SEIZING CONTROL OF THE WORLD, JOINED WITH  
VARIOUS NEIGHBORHOOD CRIME WATCH COMMITTEES AND STAMPED OUT  
THE COMMIE BIKER CRIME SPREE ONCE AND FOR ALL!**



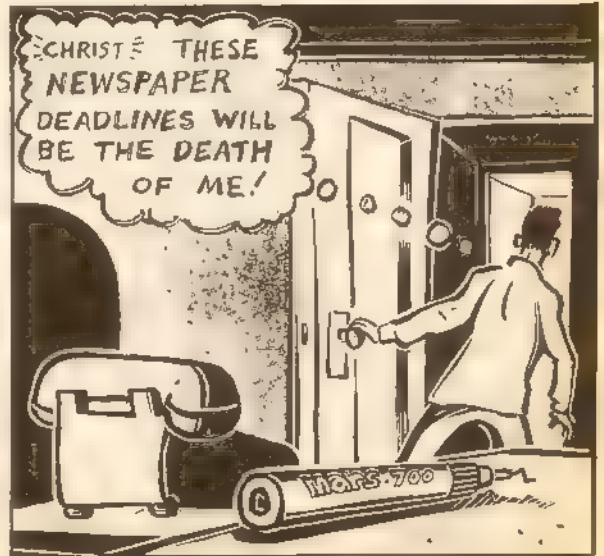
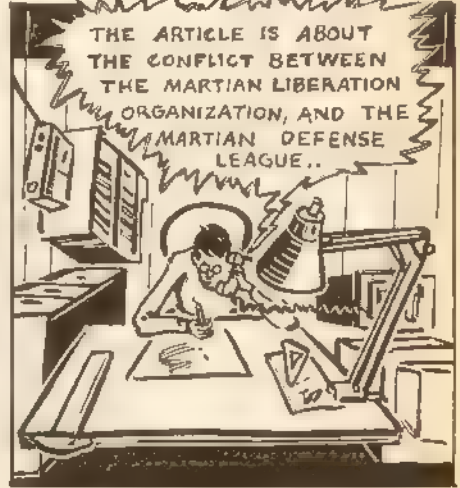
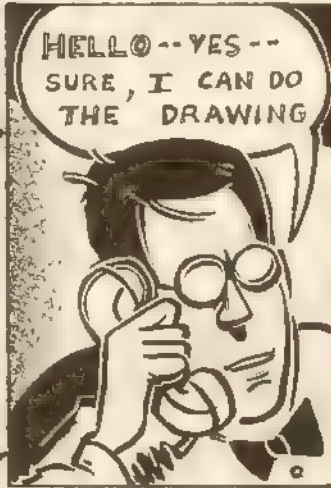
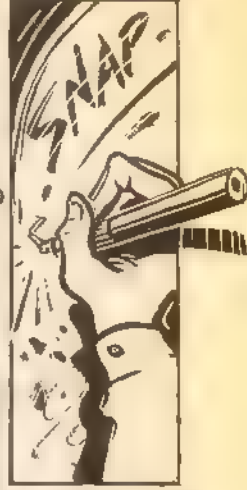
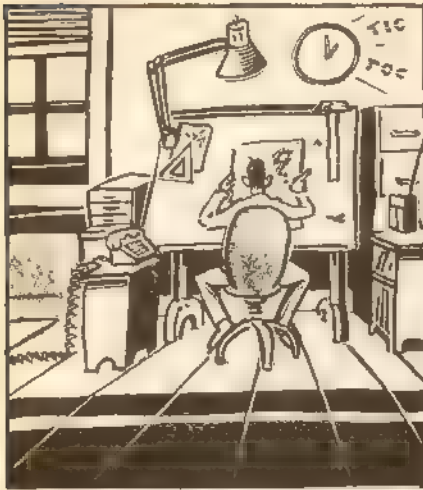
**THE SURVIVING COMMIES WERE  
ARRESTED, CONVICTED OF WAR CRIMES,  
AND SENTENCED TO LIFE AT CIVIL SERVICE.**



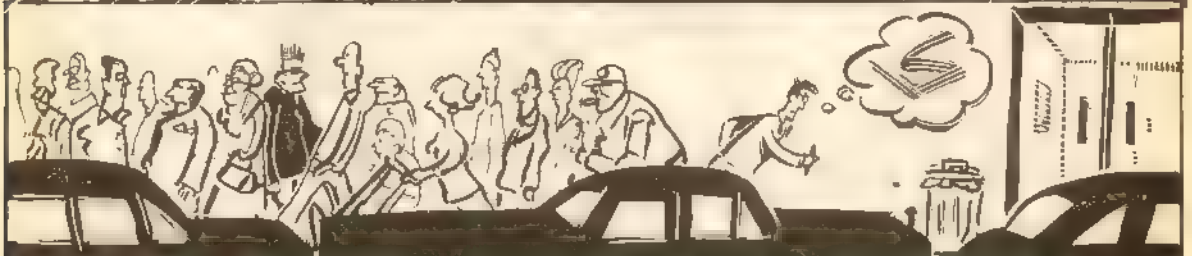
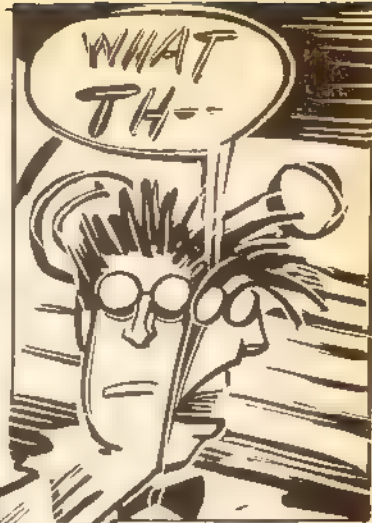
**THOSE WHO ESCAPED ARE ALIVE,  
AND LIVING OFF WELFARE  
AND LOTTERY TICKETS!**



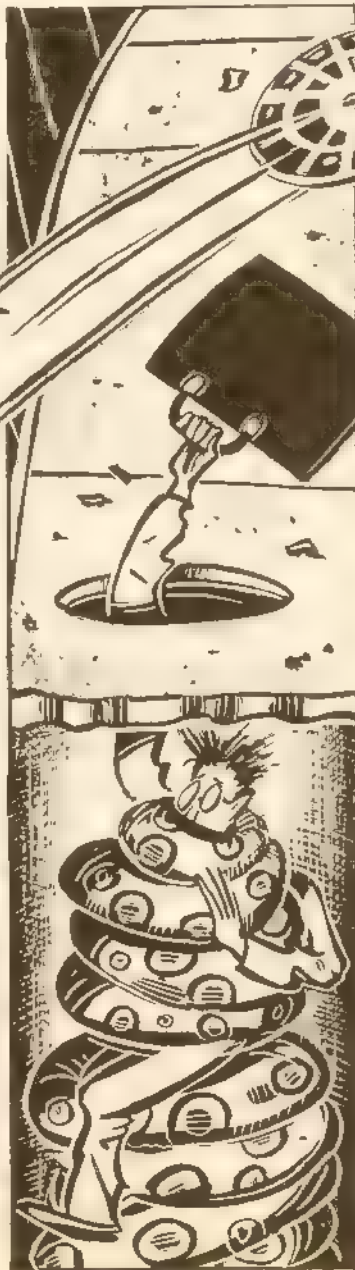
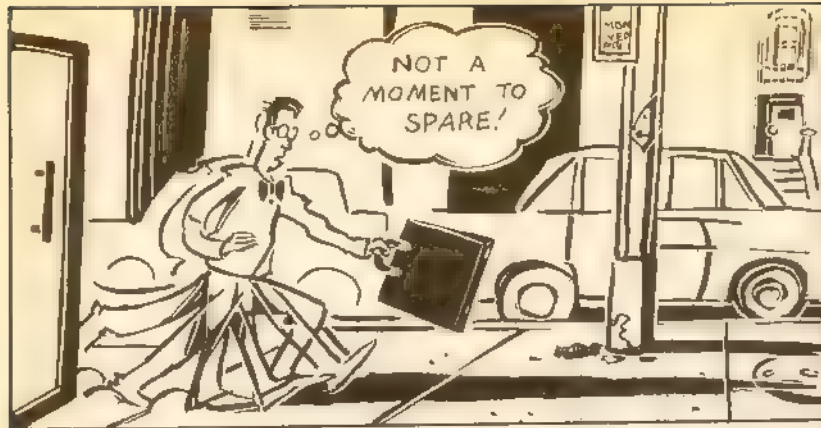
# The Man who drew too much





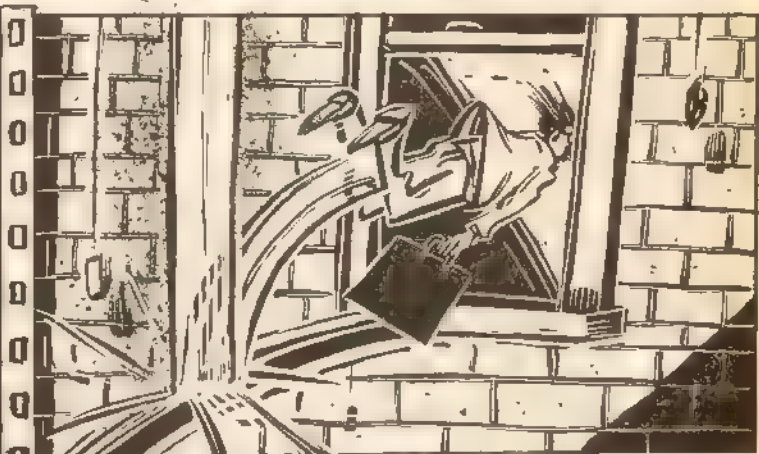
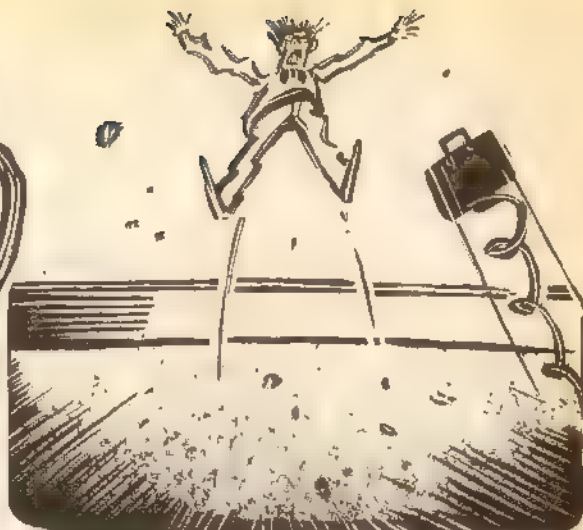




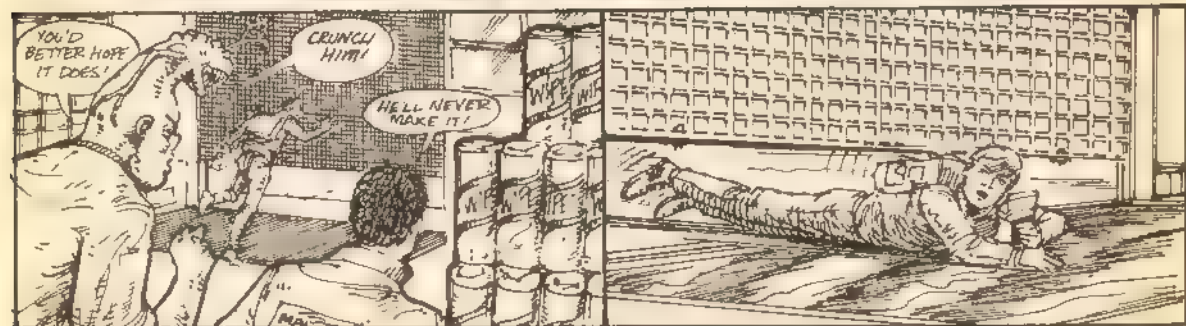
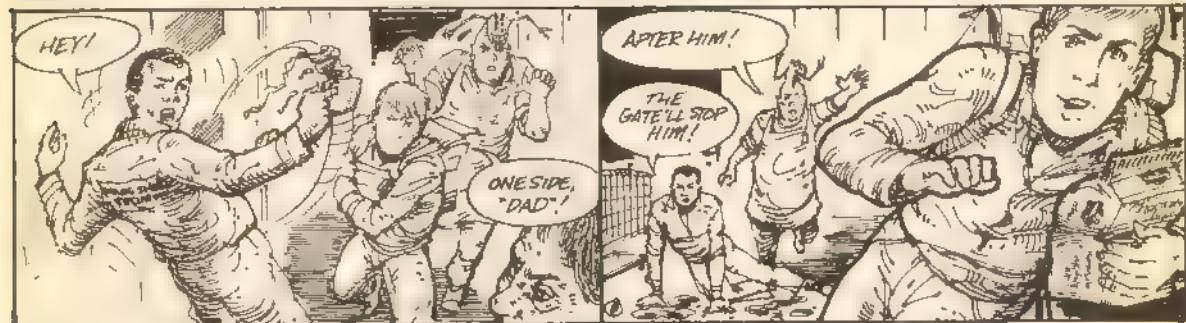
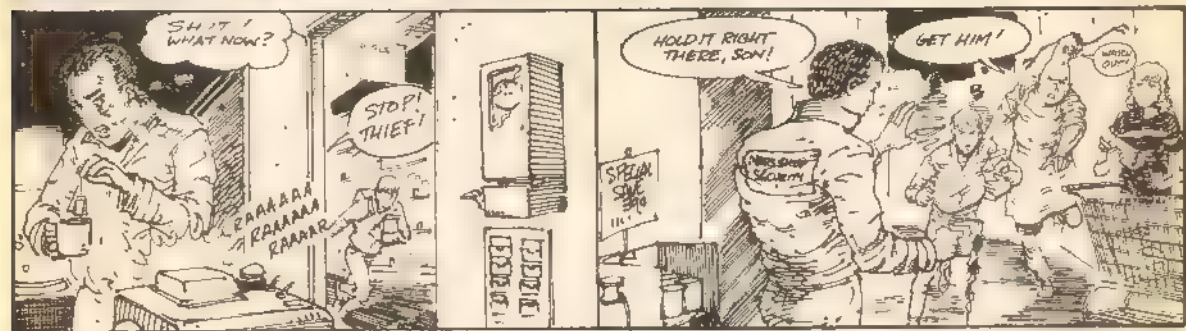


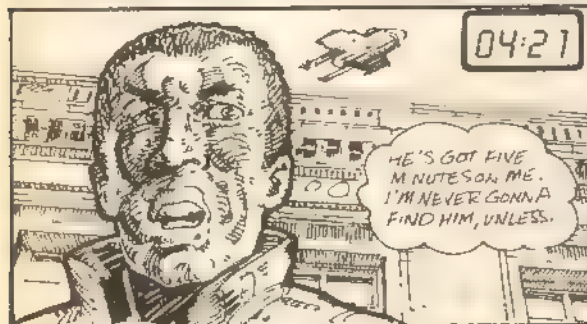
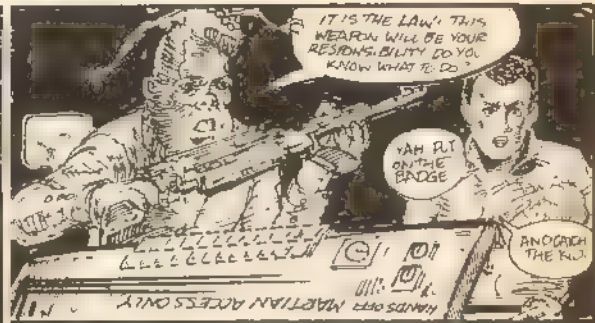
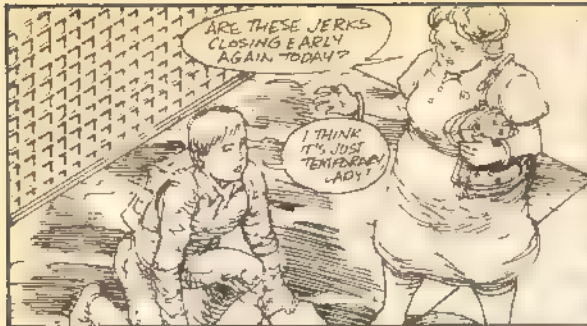


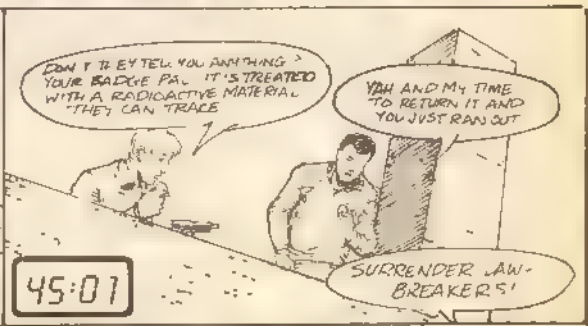
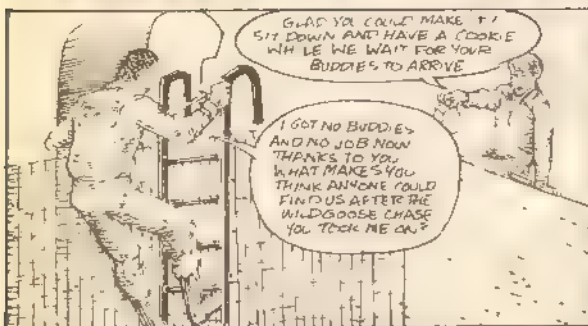
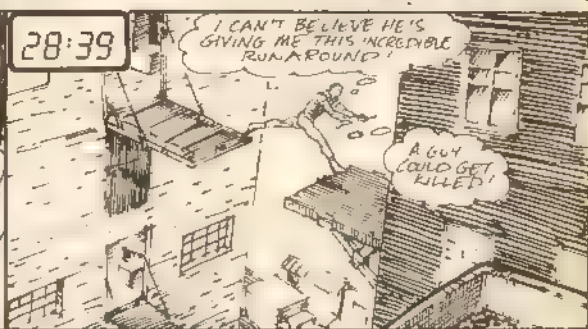


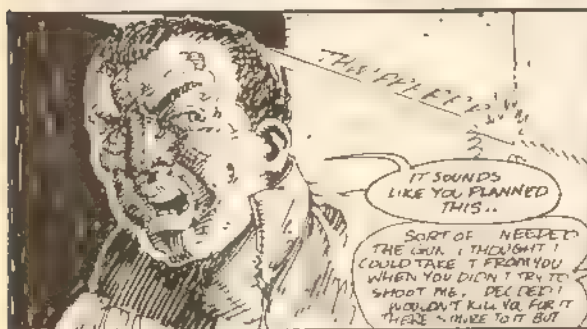


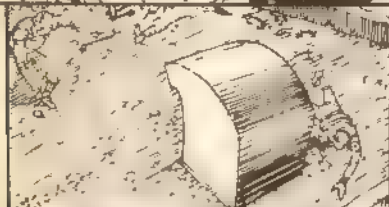
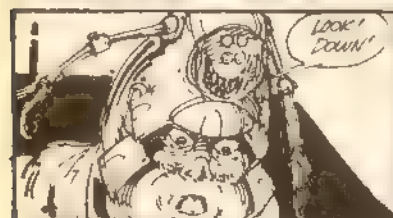
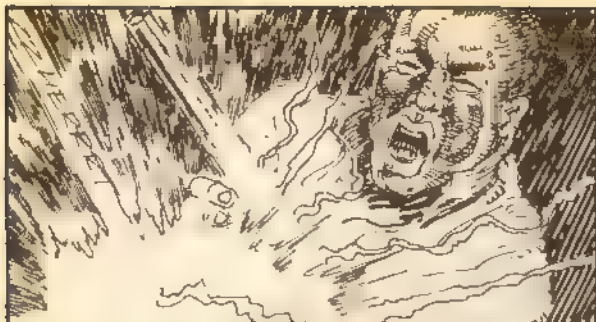
# THE WAY THE COOKIE CRUMBLES 000

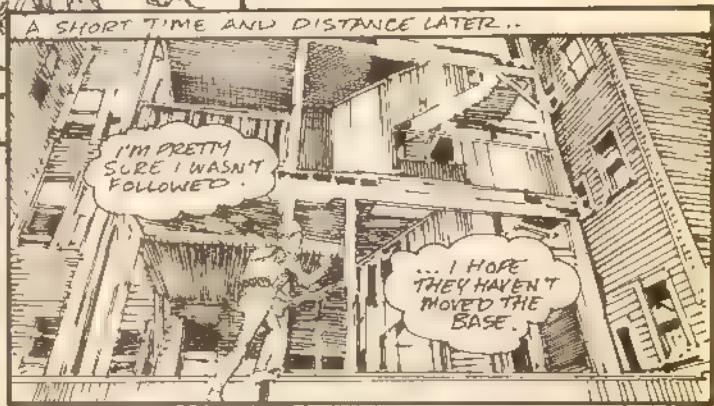
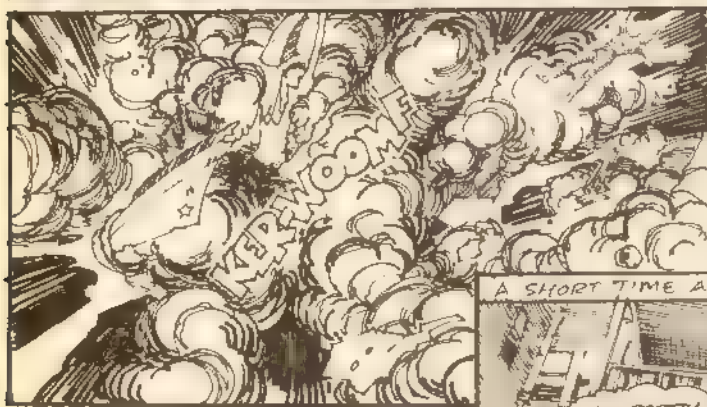
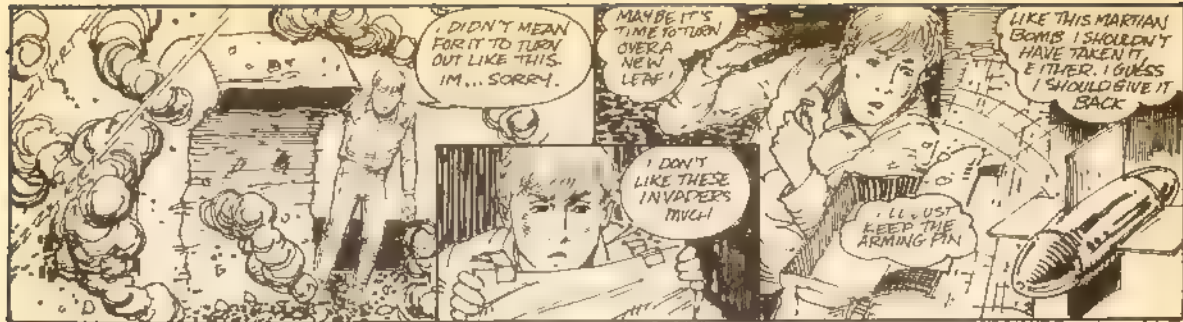




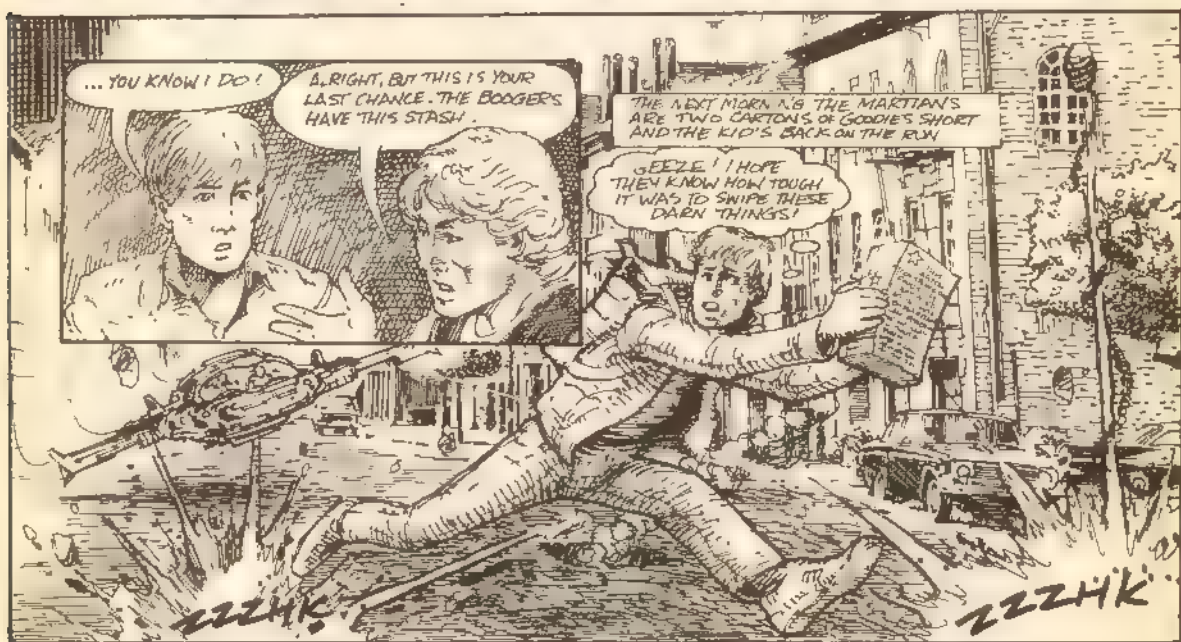


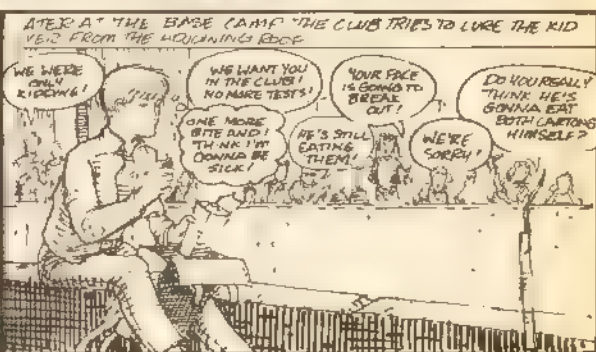
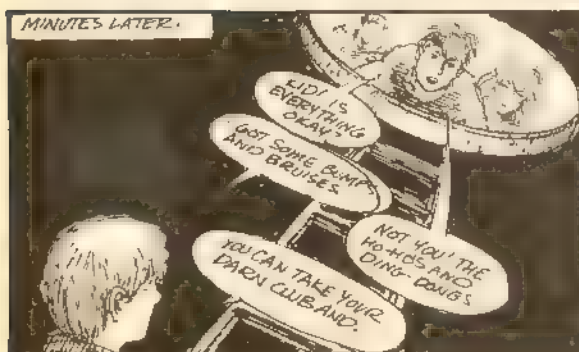
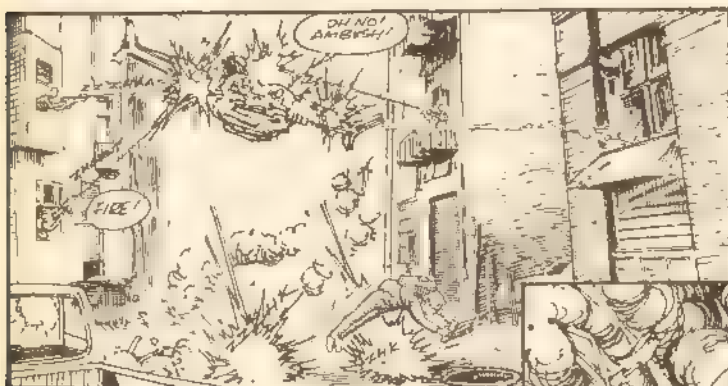
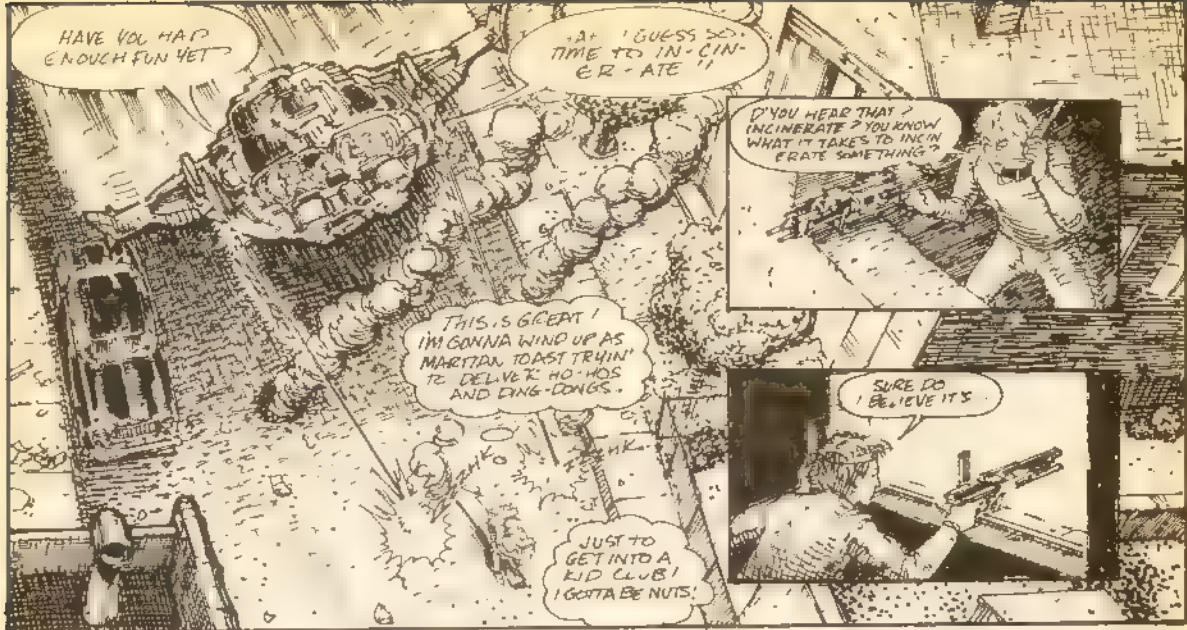






THE BOY'S SUCCESS IS MET WITH SURPRISINGLY LITTLE ENTHUSIASM FROM THE KIDS IN THE ROOFTOP CAMP.

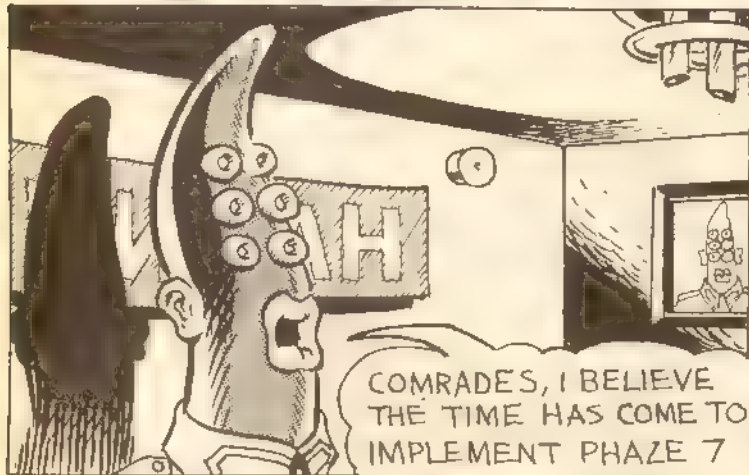




# CLASS WAR

FROM

# OUTER SPACE



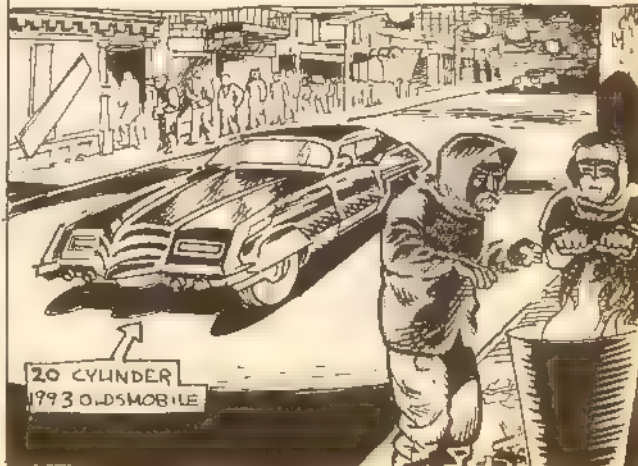
COMRADES, I BELIEVE  
THE TIME HAS COME TO  
IMPLEMENT PHAZE 7

IT HAS BEEN OUR POLICY  
(AS DETERMINED BY THE  
4TH PLENUM CONGRESS)  
NOT TO INTERFERE WITH  
THE CUSTOMS OF THE  
NATIVES, HOWEVER...



OUR INTERVENTION CAUSED  
A GREAT DEAL OF DESTRUCTION  
OF EARTH'S HOUSING STOCK

AND THE PRIMITIVE ECONOMIES STILL  
IN EFFECT IN MANY AREAS OF THE  
PLANET ENABLED SOME ELEMENTS  
TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE CONDITIONS



20 CYLINDER  
1993 OLDSMOBILE

THEREFORE WE HAVE DECIDED ON A  
STEEP ROLL BACK OF RENTS TO BE  
ENFORCED BY STERN MEASURES



BUT COMRADE COMMISSAR AREN'T  
THESE MEASURES PALTRY REFORMISM

THESE ARE A BACKWARD  
SPECIES. IF WE MOVE TOO  
SWIFTLY THEY MIGHT BE  
STAMPEEDED INTO MASS  
HYSTERIA



SOMETIME LATER IN ANOTHER  
PART OF TOWN

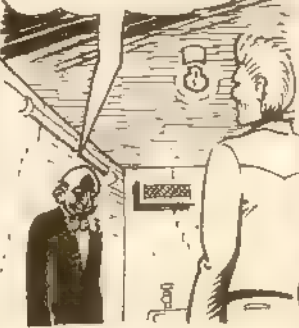
THE OFFICIAL RENT IS \$100  
BUT WE BOTH KNOW IT'S  
WORTH  
\$900



IF YOU GIVE ME THE  
DIFFERENCE UNDER  
THE TABLE YOU  
CAN MOVE IN  
RIGHT AWAY

I'LL TAKE IT

THESE ALIENS HAVE  
BARGED IN HERE WITH  
THEIR SOCIALISTIC  
NOTIONS IN AN ATTEMPT  
TO DESTROY OUR  
EARTHIAN SPIRIT OF  
INITIATIVE



BUT EVERYONE  
KNOWS THAT THESE  
IDEAS ARE NOT  
COMPATIBLE WITH  
HUMAN NATURE



BESIDES...  
WE DON'T WANT "BIG  
GOVERNMENT" INTERFERING  
WITH OUR LIVES

ONE MONTH LATER  
I'VE COME TO COLLECT  
THE RENT



B-BUT THIS IS ONLY  
THE OFFICIAL AMOUNT!?!

THAT'S RIGHT YOU **GREEDY  
BASTARD** AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE  
IT WE'LL SEE WHAT THE MARTIANS  
HAVE TO SAY

**ALIEN  
COLLABORATOR!  
TRAITOR TO  
EARTH!**



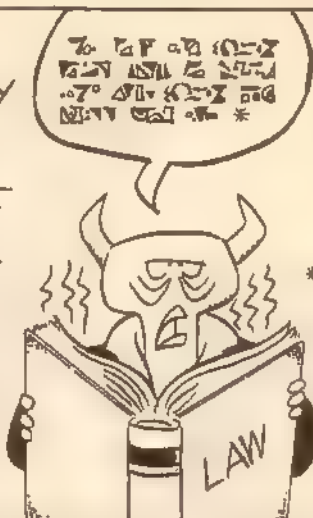
EAT IT!

# THE MARTIAN REVISION OF EARTH'S LEGAL SYSTEM

A  
SCHOLARLY  
REVIEW  
BY JAMES  
SCHUMEISTER

©1986 JAMES SCHUMEISTER

IN THE YEARS IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE SUCCESSFUL INVASION OF EARTH, THE MARTIAN OCCUPATION GOVERNMENT BEGAN A STUDY OF EARTH'S LEGAL SYSTEM. AFTER MONTHS OF INTENSIVE ANALYSIS, THE MARTIANS CAME TO ONE INESCAPABLE CONCLUSION:



\*FREELY TRANSLATED  
"BOY, ARE WE GLAD WE  
LOST OUR SENSE OF  
SMELL 60,000,000  
YEARS AGO."\*\*

\*\*EVOLUTIONARY NOTE:  
THIS HAPPENED  
DURING THE MARTIAN  
GIGGAZOIC ERA,  
ALSO KNOWN AS THE  
AGE OF LAWYERS.

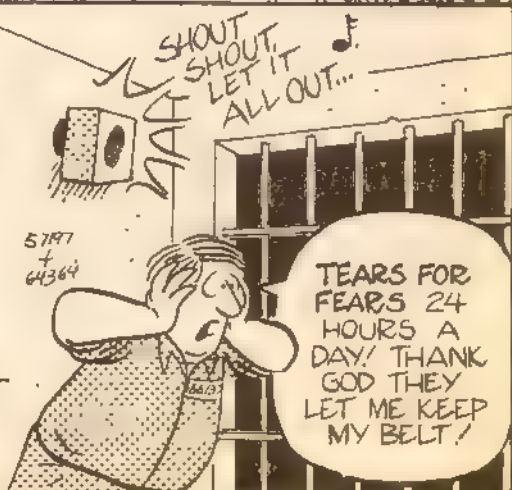
LITTLE BY LITTLE, MARTIAN LEGAL PRINCIPLES WERE INTRODUCED. FOR EXAMPLE, THE OLD WORLD NOTION OF "GUILTY UNTIL PROVEN INNOCENT" AND THE NEW WORLD IDEA OF "INNOCENT UNTIL PROVEN GUILTY" WERE REPLACED BY THE DOCTRINE OF ZUGG.

ZUGG HELD THAT IF YOU WERE ARRESTED, YOU WEREN'T EXACTLY GUILTY— BUT YOU'D

BETTER HAVE A DARN GOOD NOTE FROM YOUR MOTHER.



THE DEATH PENALTY WAS ABOLISHED FOR ALL CRIMES, (WITH THE EXCEPTION OF MIME IN THE FIRST DEGREE) ON THE ASSUMPTION THAT EXECUTIONS ONLY CAUSED ANNOYING PEOPLE TO GET TOGETHER TO PROTEST THEM, AND CAUSED SOME EVEN MORE ANNOYING (AND DANGEROUS) PEOPLE TO CHEER THEM ON.. IN ITS PLACE, THE MARTIANS INTRODUCED SOMETHING FAR WORSE:



ALL RECREATIONAL DRUGS WERE LEGALIZED, WITH ONE SMALL PROVISION- TO PROVE A DRUG'S SAFETY, ALL SELLERS HAD TO INGEST ONE POUND OF THEIR PRODUCT... AND LIVE.

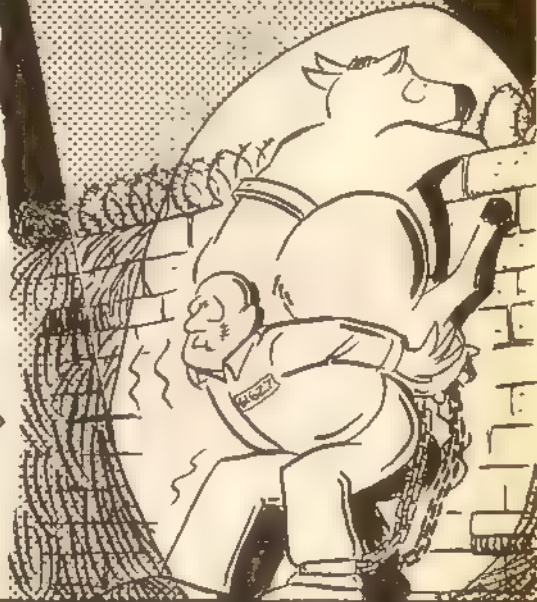
WANNA TOKE SOME DRISTAN?

NAH, LET'S FREE-BASE SOME ROLAIDS.

DILL KILLS

THE MARTIAN OCCUPATION GOVERNMENT NEXT TURNED ITS HAND TO PRISON REFORM. NOTING THE UNDERSUPPLY OF PRISON CELLS AND THE OVERSUPPLY OF FAILING DAIRY FARMS, THE SOLUTION WAS OBVIOUS: LEASE THE FARMS FOR PRISONS AND SHACKLE EVERY CONVICT TO A COW.

PRISON ESCAPES SOON BECAME A THING OF THE PAST (THOUGH NOT UNTIL AFTER A BRIEF PERIOD OF INCREASED TRUSS USE).



NOT ONLY DID THIS ARRANGEMENT PROVIDE INMATES WITH FOOD, WARMTH AND RELIEF FOR URGES NOT MENTIONABLE IN A SCHOLARLY TREATISE, BUT ONCE AGAIN IT WAS SAFE FOR YOUNG MALE PRISONERS TO BEND DOWN TO GET THE SOAP IN THE SHOWER. HOWEVER, THEY DID HAVE TO TAKE MORE CARE WHERE THEY STEPPED.



THE MARTIANS CAME UP WITH AN INTRIGUING WAY OF DEALING WITH RAPE. THEY MADE ALL CONVICTED RAPISTS BECOME JEWISH. THIS NOT ONLY REDUCED THE RATE OF RECIDIVISM, BUT ALSO PROVIDED EMPLOYMENT FOR THE HANDICAPPED.\*

GUILD OF  
BLIND  
CIRCUMCISERS

NEXT.

\*HISTORICAL NOTE: MANY OF THESE NEW JEWS EVENTUALLY CONVERTED TO CATHOLICISM. SEE 21<sup>ST</sup> CENTURY MUSIC MONTHLY, VOL XXII, NO.3, "REBIRTH OF THE ALL-MALE SOPRANO CHOIR."

EARTHLINGS WHO HAD PONDERED THE PROBLEM FOR CENTURIES, WERE AMAZED AT HOW QUICKLY THE INVADERS RID EARTH OF THE LEGAL SYSTEM'S WORST SCOURGE- LAWYERS.

OH, DEAR, I SEEM TO HAVE DROPPED A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL OVER THE CLIFF.

THE REMAINING HANDFUL OF ATTORNEYS WERE ALLOWED TO PRACTICE, ONLY AFTER VOLUNTEERING TO WORK ON FARMS DURING THE GROWING SEASON.

...AND IN SUMMATION...

BEST  
FERTILIZER  
I EVER  
USED, LUKE.

GOT RID  
OF MY  
CUTWORMS  
TOO, EB.

SURE LIFE WAS NO BED OF ROSES, WHAT WITH ALL FIRST BORN CHILDREN SENT TO MARS TO BE GROUND INTO PET FOOD. BUT SINCE EARTH WAS NOW ALMOST LAWYER-FREE MOST THOUGHT IT WAS A PRETTY GOOD DEAL.

I STOOD IN THE DOORWAY A MOMENT....  
 "FLPMRLOW! HOW IS IT YOU HAVE THIS KNACK FOR TURNING UP JUST WHEN YOU'RE NOT WANTED?" THE EARTH-POL GROWLED.  
 I IGNORED THE QUESTION. NO USE BRINGING MY CLIENT'S IDENTITY NUMBER INTO THIS.  
 "WHAT IS IT?" I ASKED AS IF I DIDN'T ALREADY KNOW. I KNOW MURDER LIKE THE BACK OF MY TENACLE. IT'S MY BUSINESS TO KNOW.  
 "WE GOT A TERMINATION." SAID THE DUMB-SHIT COP.  
 "MOTIVE?" I ASKED. I LIT A CIGARETTE.  
 "SEEMS HE HAD SOMETHING... SOMETHING SOMEBODY WANTED... HIS LAST WORDS WERE 'AMAZON' - WHATEVER THE HELL THAT MEANS."  
 I DIDN'T NEED THE RUN AROUND. I KNEW THE ANSWER.



**THE ANSWER:**  
 THE TERRANS HAD IT FIRST - BUT DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY HAD. HAIRLESS LITTLE CHIMPS IN POLYESTER SUITS - WHO COULD EXPECT A TERRAN TO UNDERSTAND? BUT THEN OUR BOYS FROM MARS RAN WITH THE BALL-AND FAILED. THE "BALL" IN QUESTION? NONE OTHER THAN THE ENTIRE FRIGGIN' AMAZON RAIN FORREST! WHAT'S THE AMAZON GOT THAT ANYBODY COULD WANT? NOT MUCH JUST ONE THIRD OF THE EARTH'S OXYGEN SUPPLY, 1800 SPECIES OF PLANTS, 3000 KINDS OF FISH. THE AMAZON IS MERELY THE SOURCE OF ONE FIFTH OF THIS PLANETS FRESH RIVER WATER; ONLY HALF OF ALL SPECIES OF BIRDS ON EARTH CALL IT HOME. THAT'S ALL. AND NOW ITS GONE I BLEW GRAY SMOKE RINGS TOWARD THE CEILING THROUGH MY PROBOSCIS I DON'T KNOW WHO MADE OFF WITH IT OR WHAT THEY PLAN TO DO WITH IT. I CAN ONLY HOPE THEY SHOW MORE SENSE THAN THE SO-CALLED SENTIENT BEINGS ON THIS CRAZY BALL OF DIRT HAVE IN THE PAST. THE HELL WITH IT!! I WENT HOME AND HAD A GOOD STIFF -VERY DRY-PROTOPLASTIC POISON.

**THE END**  
 A "TRUE CRIME" STORY.

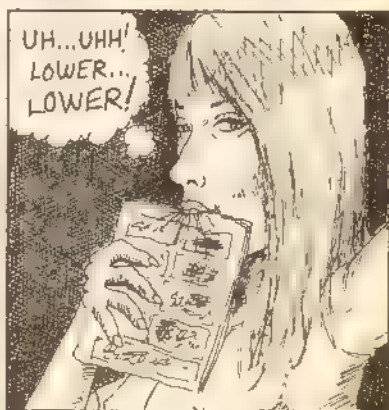
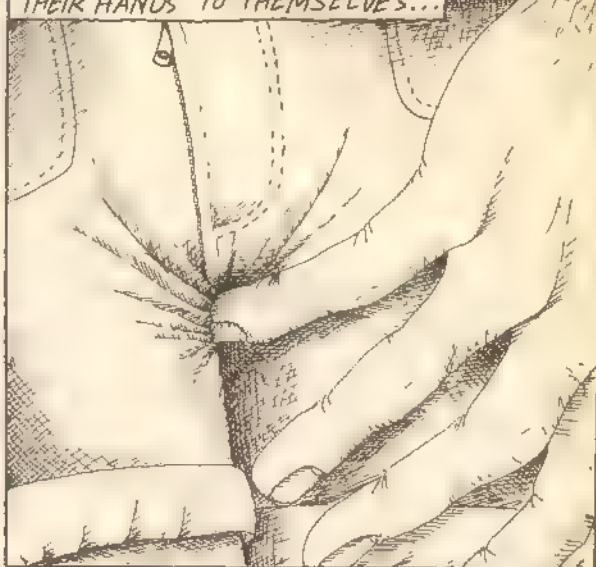
# ATTACK OF THE MARTIAN MORMONS

by TOM  
CHENEY @BS

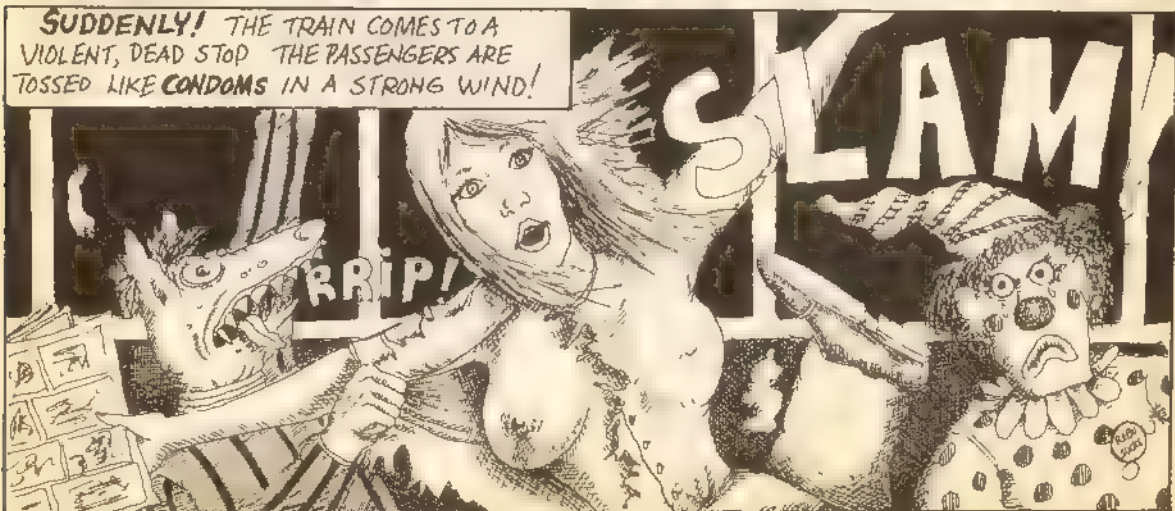
IN THE BEGINNING... WE FIND SALLY  
LAFLINCH ON THE TRANS-MARTIAN  
SUBWAY.



AS USUAL, THE PEROVES CAN'T KEEP  
THEIR HANDS TO THEMSELVES...



**SUDDENLY!** THE TRAIN COMES TO A  
VIOLENT, DEAD STOP THE PASSENGERS ARE  
TOSSED LIKE **CONDOMS** IN A STRONG WIND!



THEN... A VOICE FROM THE REAR!

FREEZE,  
PECKERHEADS!

THE GIRL!  
GET HER!  
THTHT!

RIGHT!  
THTHT!

OH, NO! THE MARTIAN MORMONS! DEMONS  
FROM THE PLANET'S CORE WHO GATHER MEMBERS  
FOR THEIR CHURCH BY FORCE AND PERVERSION!

HOLY SHIT!  
WHAT AWFUL  
BREATH!

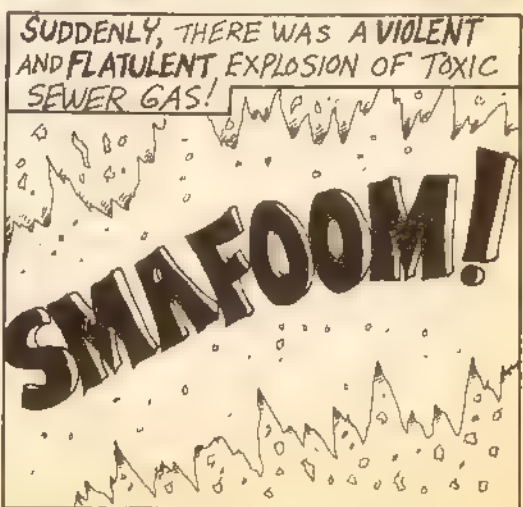
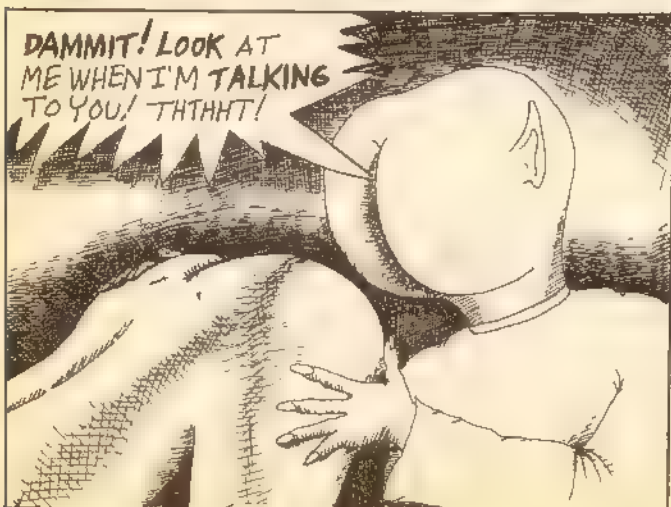
COME WITH  
US!  
THTHT!

THEN POOR SALLY WAS RENDERED  
UNCONSCIOUS WITH A BLAST OF  
RAW METHANE!

CAUTION  
MARTIANS  
AT WORK

THEY DRAGGED HER BY HER HAIR  
TO THE NEAREST MARTIANHOLE, THEN,  
**HEAD FIRST...** DOWN INTO THE  
DEPTHS OF PUTRID DARKNESS... MORE  
FOUL THAN A RICHARD PRYOR ROUTINE!

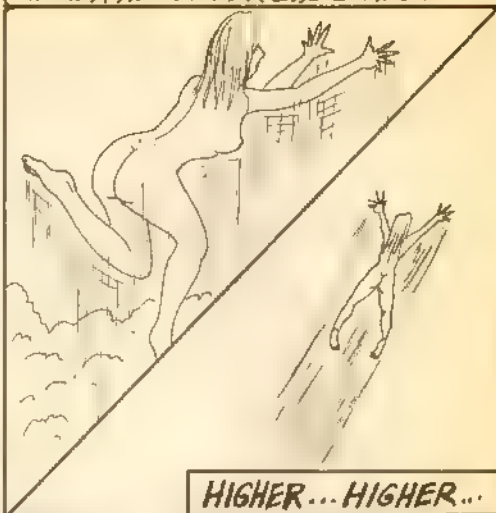
AFTER REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS...



THE FORCE OF THE **FILTHY** BLAST SENT SALLY SOARING INTO THE STREET ABOVE IN A TITLE WAVE OF **LIQUID CORRUPTION!**



HIGHER AND HIGHER SHE SOARED...



HIGHER... HIGHER...

LOOK! UP IN THE SKY...

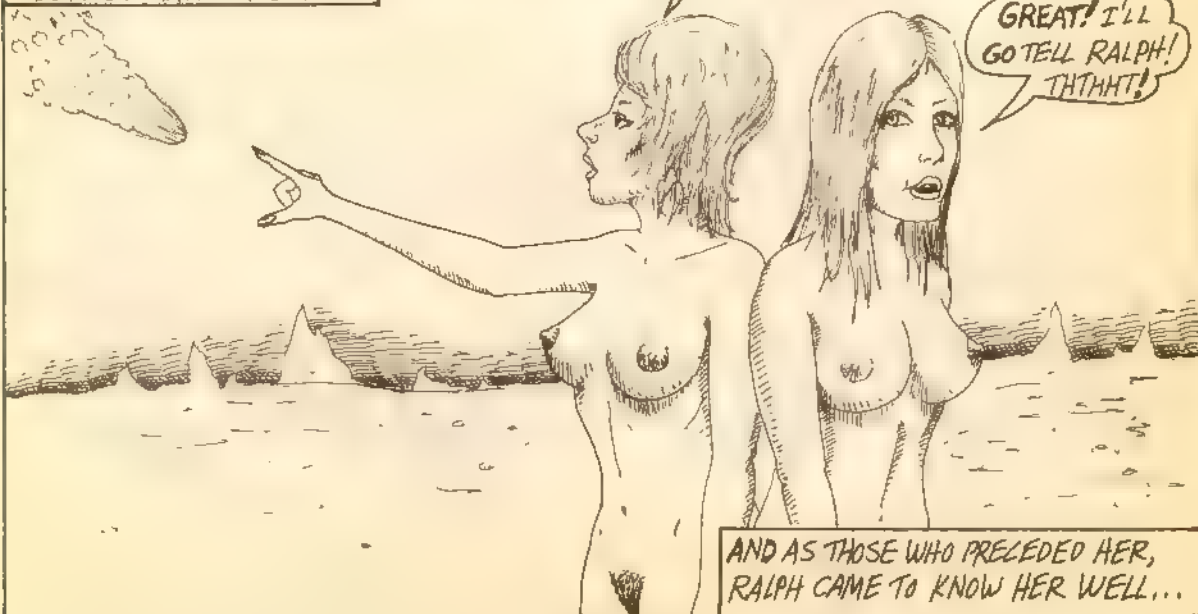
OH, KNOCK IT OFF!



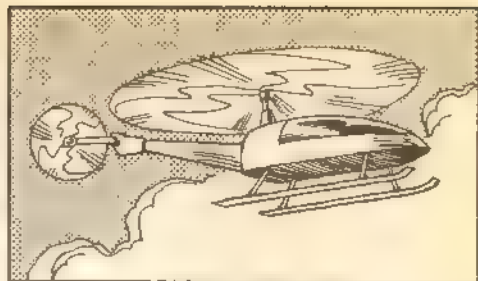
MOMENTS LATER, SALLY RE-ENTERED THE MARTIAN ATMOSPHERE, OVER A LAND SELDOM SEEN BY MAN OR BEAST!

LOOK, HELEN! ANOTHER APOSTLE IS COMING! THTHT!

GREAT! I'LL GO TELL RALPH! THTHT!



AND AS THOSE WHO PRECEDED HER, RALPH CAME TO KNOW HER WELL...



# Billy's Buddy

©1986 KENNETH HUEM

HARRY, DEAR? DO YOU THINK I'D LOOK BETTER IN BROWN OR IN OLIVE? I DO SO WANT TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION!

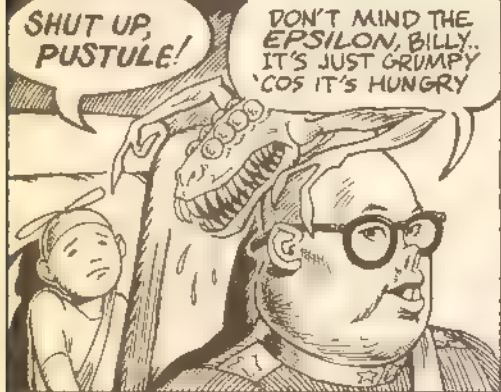
THEY WON'T BE LOOKING AT YOUR DRESS, MABEL... IN MARSGRAD, ALL THEY CARE ABOUT IS WHETHER YOUR PAPERS ARE IN ORDER

WE'RE OFF TO SEE THE LIZARD THE STINKY OL' LIZARD OF...



SHUT UP, PUSTULE!

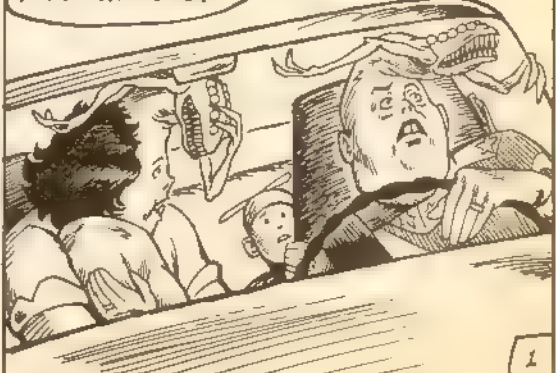
DON'T MIND THE EPSILON, BILLY... IT'S JUST GRUMPY 'COS IT'S HUNGRY

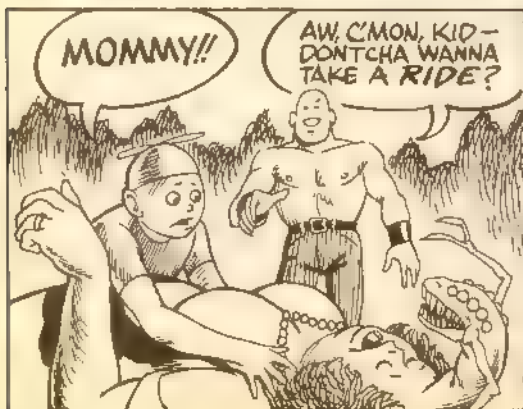
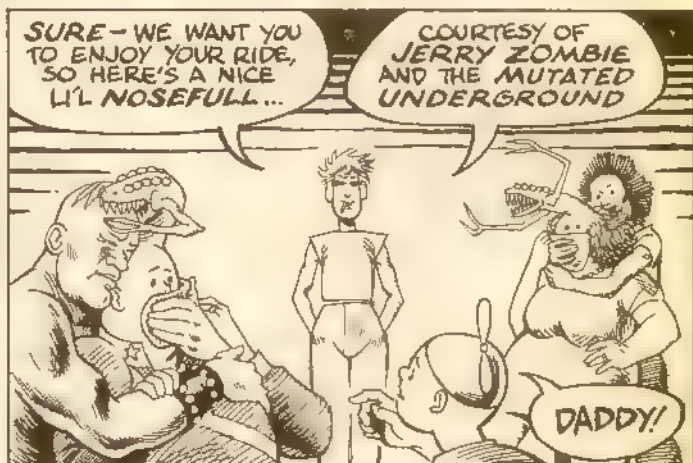
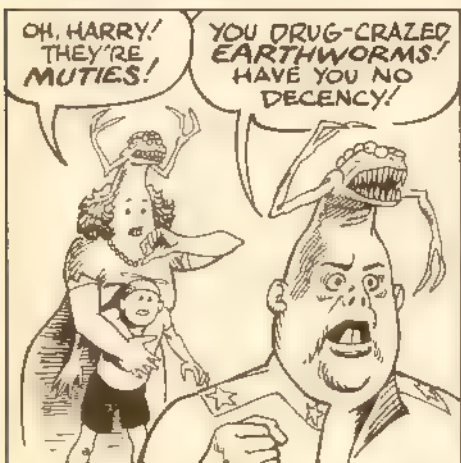
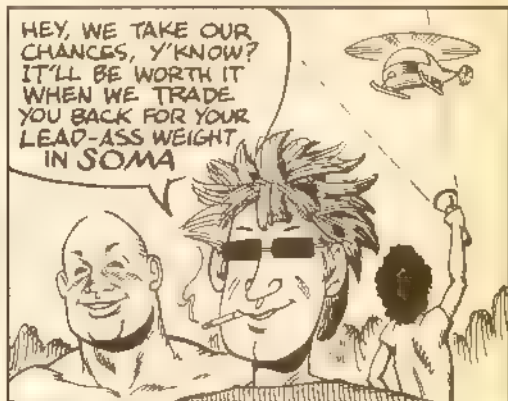
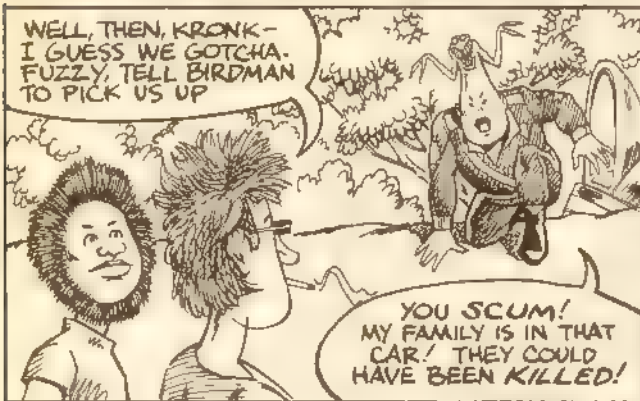
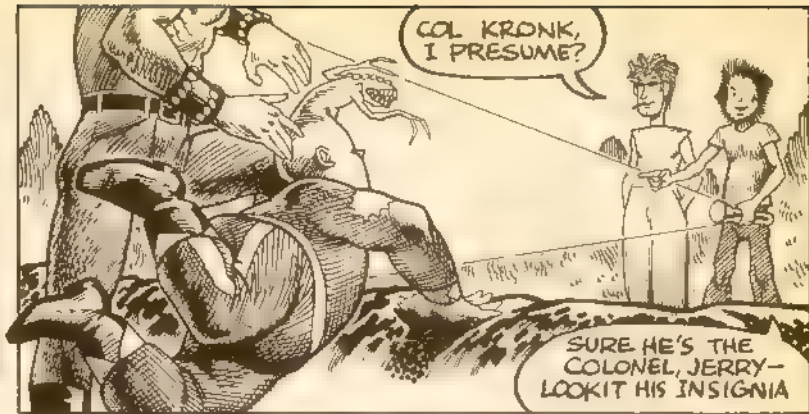


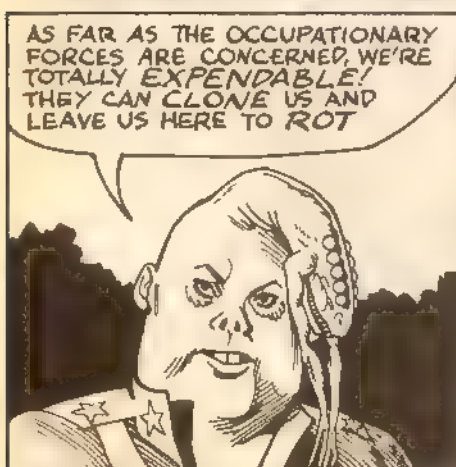
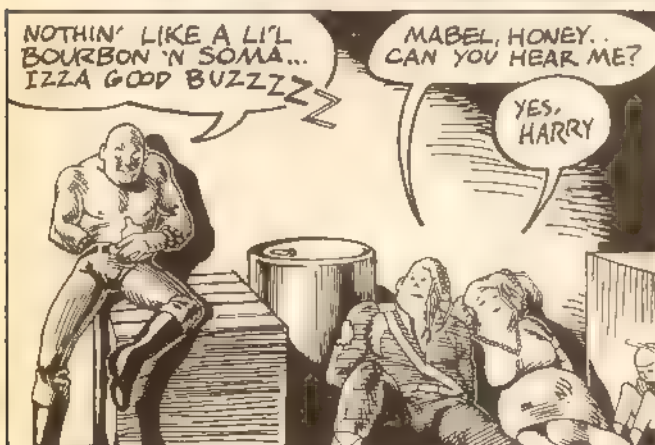
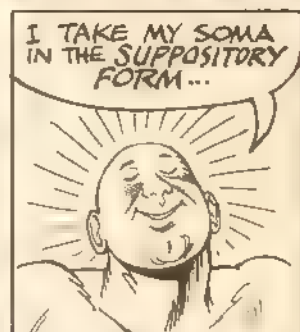
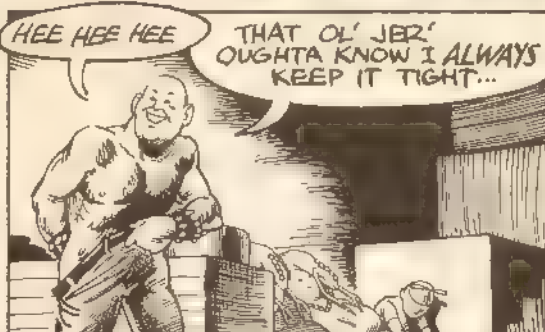
HARRY!!

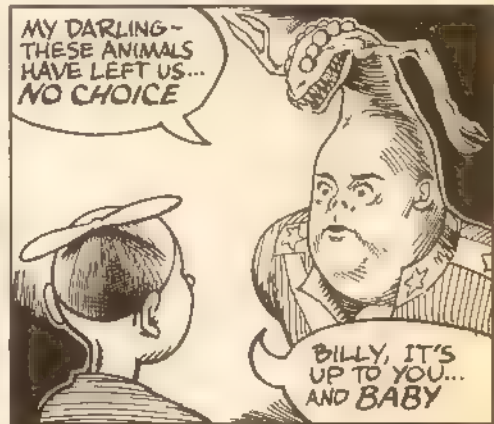
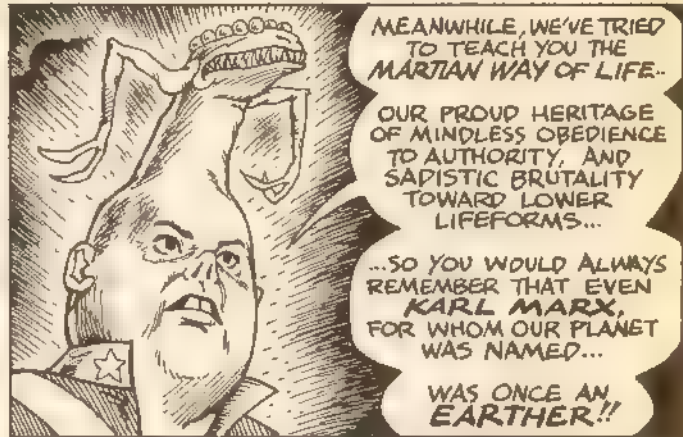
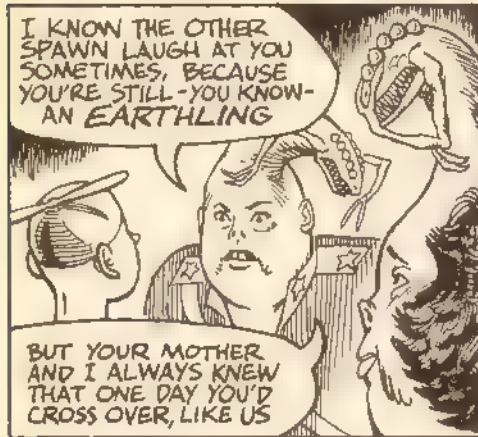
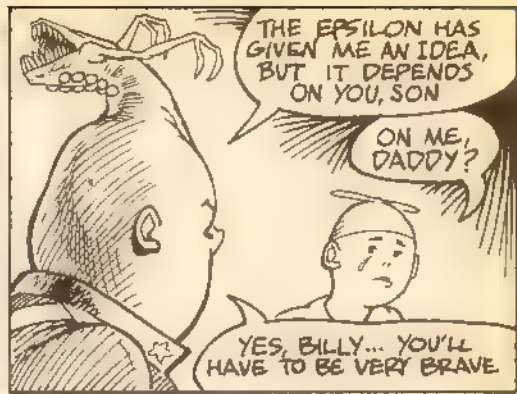


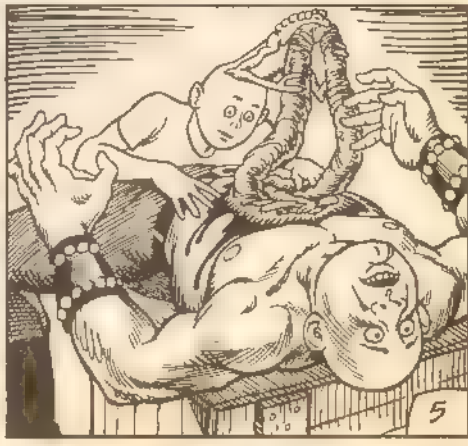
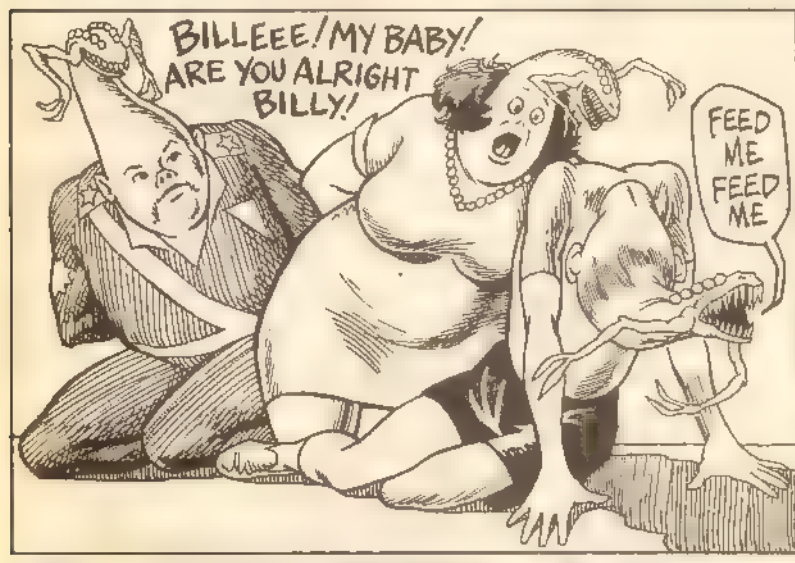
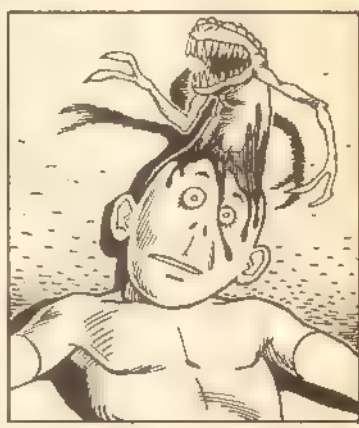
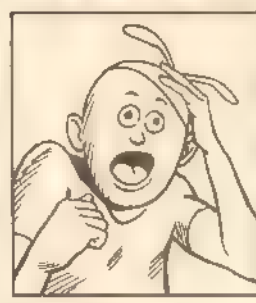
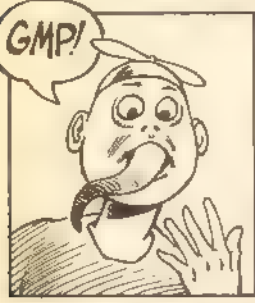
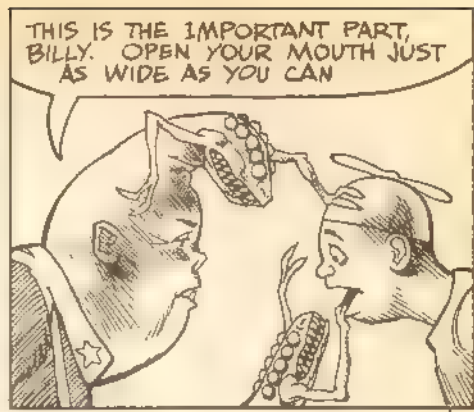
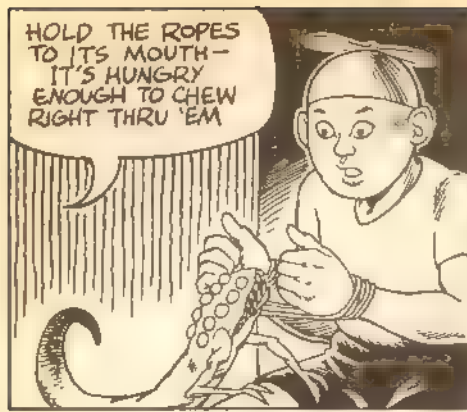
MABEL! IT'S AN AMBUSH! HIDE THE BABY!











YOU BRAIN-DAMAGED  
CRETIN! HOW DARE  
YOU INITIATE SUCH  
AN IDIOTIC PLAN!  
MARTIANS DON'T  
PAY RANSOM!



CONTROL YOURSELF, SON..  
WE'VE GOT  
TO HURRY



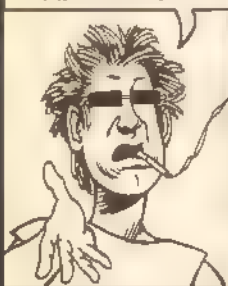
BILLY?  
ARE YOU OKAY  
SWEETHEART?

I'M ALRIGHT, MA...  
DON'T WORRY



QUICK.. UNTIE US!  
I CAN HEAR THEM  
COMING!

WELL, HELL, DOC!  
SO IT WAS A DUMB  
IDEA! CATCHIN' A  
COLONEL IS STILL  
WORTH SOMETHIN',  
AIN'T IT?



I SAID DON'T WORRY.  
I CAN GET OUT OF HERE  
EASILY. A MARTIAN CAN  
OUTWIT A STUPID  
EARTHWORM ANY DAY



AND I CAN  
TELL AHEADY...

MY EPSILON IS  
A CRAFTY  
LI'L SUCKER!



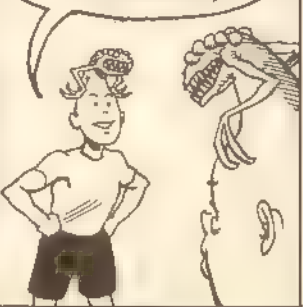
BILLY! CUT THE  
CHATTER! WE'RE  
SITTING DUCKS IN HERE!



YES, YES TORTURE  
HIM FOR INFORMATION  
AND THEN  
EXTERMINATE  
HIM.. AND HIS FAMILY  
..IT DOESN'T  
MATTER HOW



POP... REMEMBER WHEN  
YOU TOLD ME WHAT IT  
MEANS TO BE A  
MARTIAN?



THANKS, DOC..  
I PROMISE YA,  
WE'LL DO A  
REAL THOROUGH  
JOB!!



END

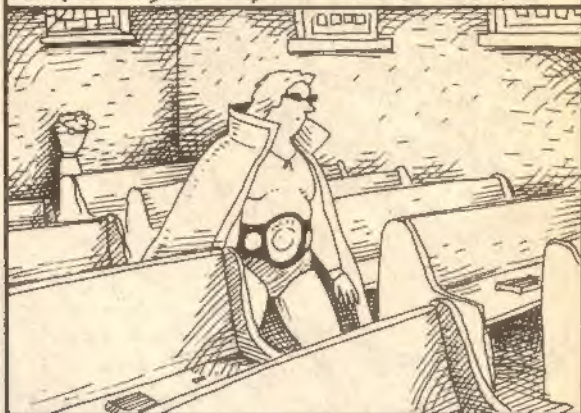
# The 7 Deadly Martian Sins

REVILLO®

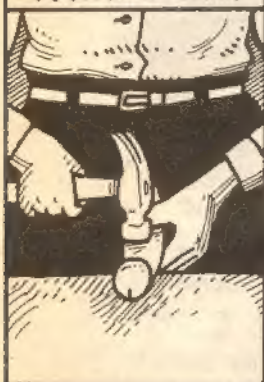
#1- PICKING YOUR NOSE WITH SOMEONE ELSE'S FINGER.



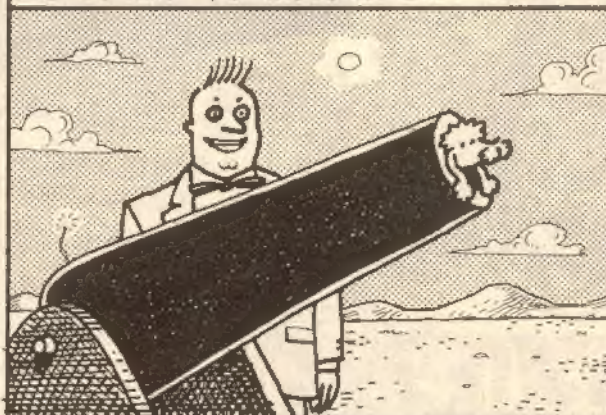
#2- ATTENDING A CHURCH DISGUISED AS A WRESTLER.



#3- POUNDING YOUR PUB WITH A HAMMER.



#4- SHOOTING A POODLE OUT OF A CANNON.



#5- SPITTING IN YOUR SOUP.



#6 - RUBBING YOUR OWN EXCREMENT INTO YOUR HAIR.



#7- DRAWING COMIC STRIPS FOR "COMMIES FROM MARS."



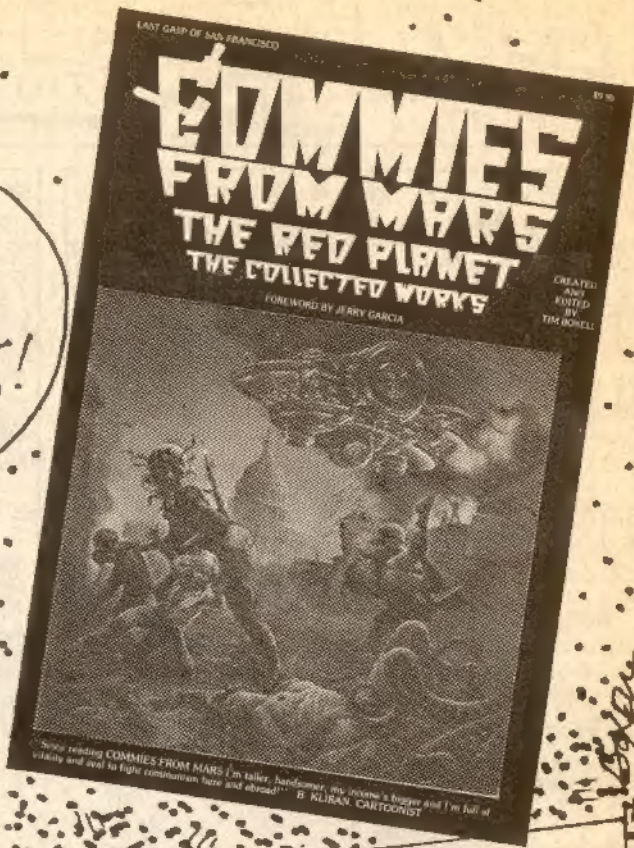
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STRIFE ON CAPITALISTIC EARTH WHERE  
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# OUTLAW • RENEGADE • BRIGAND • BILLY "RAGE" RILEY &



WRITTEN BY DAVID PEOPLES

9-12-92

The shell went clean through my neck. Peter told me later how he could see right through the wound and out the other side. But at the time he didn't say nothing, he just grabbed a buncha Commies from Maria Comps that were lying around and stuffed 'em into my neck to slow the bleeding. Then we got the hell out of there which wasn't easy because they had us pinned

down and we had to shoot the shit out of them just to get clear and back to our own people.

9-16-92

Later on, when that lame doctor dressed my wound he didn't get all the old comic books outta the hole so sometimes you can actually see some of Commies #2 through the skin in my neck kinda like a subcutaneous tattoo if 'subcutaneous' is the word I want.